

THE SUNBEAM

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DORA'S SOUR APPLE.

THERE were two apples—a big and a little one; each little sister wanted the big one. "I'll put them behind my back, so," said Dora. "Now, which hand will you take?"

"I'll take the right," said little Madge; and quick as a flash Dora changed the apples behind her back and gave her sister the little one.

"Never mind," said merry little Madge, "this one is sweet, anyhow."

Was Dora's sweet? Oh, you may be sure it was not: it tasted like bitter ashes in her mouth. More than that, the sunshine didn't seem pleasant any longer, nor was there any more fun in their plays. Dora knew she had done wrong, and that little preacher Conscience kept saying over and over to her, "A lie! a lie, a mean lie!"

After dinner mamma gave them two more apples—big rosy fellows this time.

"Oh, mamma," said Dora, hiding her face in that kind mother-lap, "give them both to Madge; I must not have any."

And then with tears of shame she told her mother what she had done in the



SPINNING A YARN.

morning. "I am sorry, my dear little daughter could do such a thing," said mamma—and there were tears in her eyes too—"but I am glad and thankful that she knows how to repent of her sin and show

her repentance by giving up her apple."

But not a bite of Dora's apple would Madge take, so they had to take it out to the fence and give it to a little boy on his way from school. "Now," said Dora, "my next apple will taste sweet again."

WHY HE WAS NEVER LATE.

"How is it that you are never late at Sunday-school, Charley?" I asked. His Sunday-school began a quarter before nine in the morning, and many of the children found it hard to be prompt, and came straggling in all through the opening service; Charley never—he was always in time.

"Oh, I always plan to come," said Charley. "I put the polish on my boots over night. I find my Bible and put it in a safe corner beforehand. I brush and put on my Sunday clothes before breakfast. So after breakfast and prayers I start in time to get there before the

superintendent rings the school to order."

"And you don't lag by the way?"

"Never," said Charley. "It is better to be five minutes too early than one minute too late."